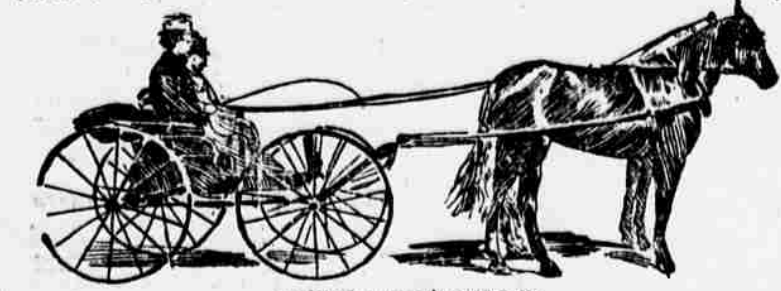


BROOKLYN'S BEST DRIVEWAY

Bedford Avenue Thronged by Fast Horses and Fine Vehicles.

Some Popular Citizens Often Seen Behind Crack Trotters.

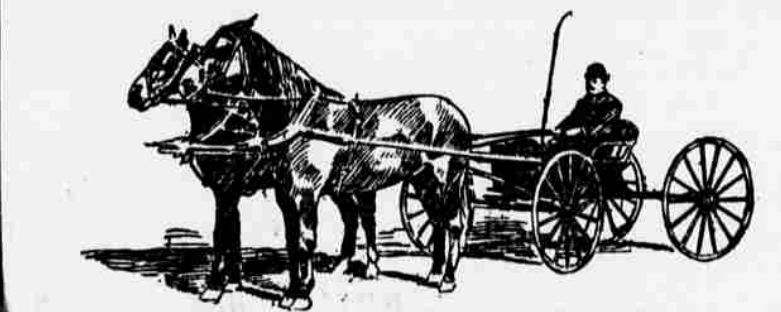
On Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, on every afternoon an admirer of good horses and well-equipped carriages can see a parade that will do his heart good. This avenue is the favorite route to Coney Island, Manhattan Beach, Brighton Beach and its race track for drivers, and leads to the Parkway boulevard, which extends from the city to the ocean, a distance of five and a half miles, and a speedway unsurpassed in the sister cities, or, perhaps, in all America.



HOWARD M. SMITH'S FAST PAIR.

Earlier in the season, or when the races are being run at Coney Island, it presents an animated spectacle. Even now, when every one who is able has forsaken the town for the country or the seashore, it resounds with the jingle of pole chains and the rapid hoof-beat of the trotting horse.

Vehicles of every design and color, the aristocratic four-in-hand, tally-ho, and drag, the comfortable family carriage, and the pneumatic-tired trotting sulky pass in constant procession along the boulevard, and diversify his usual occupation of giving burial permits and diagnosing the cause and effect of fatal accidents by "snapping" everything within an unlimited radius of the office. Deputy Deegan's jovial manners are a contrast to his serious occupation, a combination that would hardly insure for him a place in the personages of the characters created by Charles Dickens.

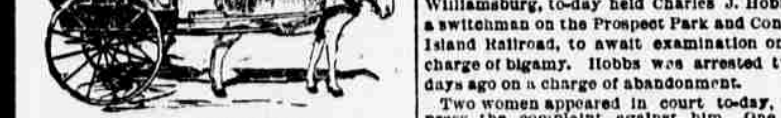


W. H. BODD'S TEAM.

Among the most conspicuous of them is the family carriage of ex-Congressman Frank Campbell, in which he and his handsome daughter may often be seen taking a drive. The splendid team of Mr. Mollehauser, the sugar manufacturer, will also attract attention. H. C. Alger shows the speed of his fast horse Billy, D. Wilson drives a trim turnout, John Bode a handsome pair of bays, and W. H. Bode a spanking team that can make a fast mile.

T. G. Washburn, of the Bedford Avenue Livery, drives a driver, and his family may often be seen riding in a victoria behind a well-matched pair of horses, and his children, Addie and John, are decidedly "in" with their donkey cart, drawn by Jenny.

W. Pritchard drives a tall chestnut horse and John J. Dows a gray, W. R. Walker a fine pair of horses, and his speedy animal, Dintertime, Mr. Fleck exhibits a fine coupe, and Howard L. Smith, of the Bedford Livery, drives a fast pair of bays, while A. Schriener has a bay horse, Mr. Young a team of browns, Eugene Blackford a splendid pair of bays, and Henry Carson a splendid team of jet black horses.



ADRIE'S DONKEY CART.

Supervisor Maguire, W. Burrows, Harris Bogart and Desmond Dunne, of the Standard Union, are to be seen behind good stock. Mr. Livingston frequently shows the other roadsters his fast trotter's heels, and Judge J. Murphy makes the rest follow his Hambletonian of sixteen hands that can reel off a mile in 2:28.

Mr. Eldred, of the Madison Stables, sends along nags that would be hard to beat, and Frank Henderson, of Myrtle avenue, shows cattle of fine quality. Frank Baird's tally-ho coach, occupied by a happy party bound for the races, has a fine team of horses, but with four grand black animals fitted with white collars, and John Shute's drag makes a splendid appearance with its turn out, and add materially to the completeness of the parade.

Mr. J. B. Burt, of the Bedford Livery, of the Brooklyn Times, the members of the East End Riding Club, and the pupils of the Bedford Riding Academy often show their skill in horsemanship, as well as the paces of their mounts.



T. J. WASHINGTON'S RAY TEAM.

This beautiful driveway is not without its drawbacks, for there are several dangerous crossings upon it. At its intersection with the Parkway, and at its junction with the city street, it is crowded with nervous animals have to face the double danger of the noisy, elevated railroad, and the constantly passing street cars.

But their risk has been minimized by the carefulness of Commissioner Hayden, who has caused officers to be stationed on guard at each point, and it is due to the vigilance and energy of the Police and the constant presence of the mounted police that no serious accidents have occurred.

The task of the mounted policemen upon the avenue is one that calls for nerve and judgment, as they must always be ready to overtake and stop runaway and prevent collisions. It is most often free from danger, for they are seldom called upon to intervene in the case of a runaway, as the driver is usually a competent one, and the horse is well broken.

MANGLED BY A TROLLEY CAR. GOOD-BYE TO "MONKEY CAPS." DANGER IN THE WATER-SHED. ANOTHER SET-TO IN COURT. JACK GOES TO HIS NEW HOME. SHOT OVER A GAME OF CARDS.

Electrician Weinlich's Terrible Death Near the Bridge.

Green Motorman Lost His Head and Ran Him Down.

The horribly mangled body of Joseph Weinlich, whose name is added on the record books to the long list of victims of the trolley in Brooklyn, was removed this morning to his late home, 849 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, where he had lived with his married cousin, Coroner Kene is working on the case getting at the details of the accident.

Weinlich was about twenty-five years of age and employed by the Brooklyn City Railroad as electrician. At 11:30 last night he was sent to repair a wire at Sand and Fulton streets.

Weinlich was standing in the middle of the track "choking" the wheels of the platform wagon used in stringing wire, when a trolley car was about to pass him.

When the car reached the curve which he was standing on, the trolley car struck him, and he was hurled into the air.

Mullen is said to be a green hand, and undoubtedly his inexperience contributed to the tragedy.

He started the car ahead, and as it moved towards the bridge, he lost his presence of mind, and without a word of warning, the car struck Weinlich, and he was hurled into the air.

Weinlich died almost instantly. The only sign of life he gave was a low moan, and he was pronounced dead by the coroner's jury.

Weinlich was unmarried and had been in the employ of the Company for about a year.

He was a native of Germany, and had been in the employ of the Company for about a year.

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Brooklyn's Water Supply Polluted by Foul Nuisances.

Said to Be Even Worse Than the Croton Source.

Brooklynites who have been nosing around the neighborhood of the Brooklyn watershed at Hempstead, Rockville Centre and Jamaica report some discoveries which may well make the half of the average Brooklyn consumer of city water stand on end.

The stories which they tell would go to show that Brooklyn's water supply is in danger of such pollution that escape from a dangerous epidemic during the heated season is almost impossible, unless something is done immediately to remove the sources of this danger.

A large portion of the water used by Brooklyn is furnished by the Hempstead reservoir, which is a large body of water nearly three miles in length.

One of its principal inlets is a small creek, which flows through three miles above Hempstead and flows down through a region more or less thickly populated.

It is said that the drainage of several small settlements finds its way into this creek, that cesspools and privies are located along its banks, and that pigsties and stables abound throughout its entire length.

In several places there are garbage dumps, and the refuse matter is allowed to be thrown into its waters.

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Ex-Judge Morris Shakes His Fist Under Patterson's Nose.

He Again Repudiates the Assertion that He Shames Him.

Ex-Judge Samuel D. Morris and Lawyer Charles J. Patterson had another lively set-to before Judge Osborne in the City Court, Brooklyn, this morning.

Morris is trying to get a default opened in the suit in which Morris Cannon secured judgment against the Brooklyn City Railroad Company for \$1000.

Patterson alleged that Judge Morris was shamming sickness at the time the suit went by default.

Both lawyers accused each other in court to-day of making false statements. In defending himself against Patterson's accusation, Morris told the Court that he had seen Judge Clement and told him he was ill.

"The charge is as base as it is false," he continued. "No member of the Bar in the last five years has given sickness as an excuse for not appearing in court."

"I admit that I sat on the steps in front of my house and went to the Oxford Club the day after yesterday," he continued. "I saw Judge Clement, and he told me that he was ill."

"I saw Judge Clement, and he told me that he was ill," he continued. "I saw Judge Clement, and he told me that he was ill."

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Imposing Parade Down Broadway and a Special Car Given Him.

Patrick McCort Taken to the Hospital in a Dying Condition.

Patrick McCort, a sailor on the steamer Hogarth, lying at the Boston dock, South Brooklyn, was shot in the back by an unknown man at 1 o'clock this morning, and was taken to the Seney Hospital in a dying condition.

The shooting was the result of a row among a crowd of sailors, who got into a fight over a game of cards.

John Lewis, Edward Armour, Peter Ryder and McCort, all sailors on the Hogarth, were in the party enjoying a game of euchre in Frank Kuhns' saloon, 212 West Broadway, at 11 o'clock.

A round of drinks was the stake played for. The shooting occurred, and McCort was taken to the hospital.

McCort was taken to the hospital in a dying condition. He had not been playing very long when one of the party accused him of cheating.

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